

in successful operation since that time. About thirty have received certificates and have gone to distant parts of the country to fulfill important positions."

Dr. Romania Bunnell Pratt served on the professional staff of the Deseret Hospital from the beginning as visiting surgeon on the eye and ear. She had the distinction of being the first woman specialist in Utah, and the first to perform a cataract operation. Her contribution to the practice of medicine for thirty-five years was invaluable.

After the close of the Deseret Hospital in November, 1893, because of lack of funds, Dr. Pratt resumed private practice, in which she continued until her marriage to Apostle Charles W. Penrose. She later accompanied him to Europe where he served as president of the British and European Missions. Romania was an ardent Latter-day Saint having served as president of the Retrenchment Society, the fore-runner of the Y.L.M.I.A., treasurer of the Stake Y.L.M.I.A., and assistant secretary to Zina D. H. Young when she was president of the General Board of the Relief Society.

Her last days were saddened by blindness, but the consolation of a strong religious faith tempered the force of this blow. She died November 9, 1932, at the age of ninety-three years.

#### ELLIS REYNOLDS SHIPP, M.D.

William Fletcher Reynolds, father of Ellis, was born in Indiana, August 8, 1826, and her mother, Anna Hawley, was born July 15, 1829, in Upper Canada, County of Middlesex, township of Yarmouth. They were married in February, 1846. With Anna's parents, William John Hawley and Ellis Smith Hawley, they were engaged in the lumber business in Iowa and it was there Mormon missionaries found them, preached the Restored Gospel to them, and baptized them in 1851. Ellis, the eldest of the six children of William and Anna Reynolds, was born January 20, 1847, in the lumber camp in Iowa and there she spent the first five years of her life. She was nurtured with the love and adoration of her parents and grandparents and in turn loved them and all things beautiful in her primitive home.

In 1852, the Reynolds family, now with three children, and the Hawley family of five, decided to join the western trek of the Mormon pioneers. William was a skilled carpenter and wheelwright and he built the sturdy wagons in which they packed all their earthly possessions. He was made a captain of ten in the company they joined.

When the Reynolds and Hawley families arrived in Salt Lake Valley they were sent with others to settle Battle Creek, now called Pleasant Grove, and here they built their home. The little girl's memories were of sunshine and happiness until the death of her

mother, January 28, 1861, when Ellis was fourteen years of age. Being the eldest child in the family, the duty of caring for her father and four brothers and sisters fell upon her shoulders. This was the first big test she faced in a life filled with challenge and responsibility. Depth of love, strength of purpose, and an abiding faith made her equal to the demand. It was not until her father remarried a year later and took his family to Mt. Pleasant, Utah, that she relinquished her obligation. Part of her time was now spent with her grandparents in Pleasant Grove and part with her father in Mt. Pleasant.

The years of childhood through young womanhood were filled with happy experiences with friends both old and young, parties, dances, church activities, and accomplishments in school. When she was eighteen she attended a church conference in Mt. Pleasant with her father at which President Brigham Young and other leading church officials were present. She was fascinated by the power and personality of Brigham Young. After the meeting she was surprised by a request from the president to meet her. In their interview he offered to take her to Salt Lake to live at the Lion House and send her to school with his daughters. She was thrilled with the prospect of an education and with the privilege of a close association with the family of the prophet of God, and the cultural advantages such a life could bring. After seeking advice from her father she decided to accept the wonderful offer.

Her life at the Lion House was filled with happy experiences. The hours she spent under the tutelage of Karl G. Maeser were glimpses into a new world of knowledge. The associations with the intimate family life of the Youngs gave her more spiritual depth and the wonderful nights she sat in the president's box at the Salt Lake Theatre were pure delight. While at the Lion House the friendship between Ellis and the man of her childhood dreams ripened and developed into an abiding love that lasted through all the years of their lives. On May 5, 1866, Milford Bard Shipp, eleven years her senior, won and wed Ellis Reynolds.

For awhile they lived in a beautiful garden of Eden where love and harmony held sway; then she was called upon to share her loved one with others. In a house meant for one family were two, then four wives, with their families. She believed with all her soul in the truth and sacredness of this principle. Never through all the long years of her life did she question it. It was after the birth of her fifth child, two of whom had died in infancy, that a new desire found place in her heart.

There were few competent doctors during the early years of the Church in the west and they were in the larger towns. The Saints in the small communities scattered throughout Utah and southern Idaho were without medical aid. Zion was growing and the



mortality rate among mothers and new born babes was alarming. Realizing that something must be done, Pres. Young called women with special qualifications and aptitudes to go East to study medicine. Upon their return these new doctors were to teach others from the frontier communities. Ellis Shipp was one of the first to receive such a call. No one not endowed with implicit faith, unbounded will power, absolute selflessness could have made the decision, but with the consent and blessing of her husband she accepted the call.

She weaned her baby and put him and the two little boys in the care of her husband's other wives, packed her pitifully few personal belongings, and awaited the hour of departure. No one but her God heard the heart-breaking sobs that shook her, the terrible doubts that would not be stilled, and the desperate prayers for faith, and courage, and strength, to meet the new life ahead. She arrived in Philadelphia November 15, 1875, cold, alone and friendless at 3 a.m., and spent the remainder of the night sleeping on a bench in the railroad station. She hoped to make her home with her friend, Romania Pratt, who had left Utah the previous year to attend Medical College. Nine o'clock found the two young women in the office of Professor Bodley. Ellis paid five dollars for her matriculation ticket, forty-five dollars for professors tickets, and gave a seventy dollar note. She was more than two months late in starting and already the teachers had laid the ground work for the year ahead. Latin medical terms were the common means of communication. Everyone seemed to know where they were going and what to expect when they got there—that is, everyone but the new student from Utah. She was beset by confusion and overpowering homesickness, by the necessity of making up two months' work, besides keeping up with each day's class, and the mystery of a totally unfamiliar language. For a number of months Ellis continued to room and board with Romania, but her habit of early rising to study disturbed the other occupants of the single room, so it was thought best for her to find another place. She obtained a room in the home of a Mrs. Wilson where she boarded herself.

At the end of the first year of study she returned home wondering if she would ever be able to finish her assignment—if there would be enough money for two separate households besides school expenses. The way was provided, and she did return, only with an added anxiety. She was going to have another baby. Her second year of college life was a repetition of the first. The skimping, the long hours of study, the discomforts of pregnancy. As spring came she wondered if she would be able to finish her studies before her baby came. The race was close but well timed. In the home of Dr. Longacres, on May 25, 1877, a beautiful girl was placed in the arms of an adoring mother.

With the added expense and responsibilities of the baby, Ellis decided to forego the trip to Utah during that second summer. Instead she stayed in Philadelphia, rented a room on the third floor at Mrs. Wilson's for five dollars a month, so she could be near the college, and hired Emma Bush to care for the infant while she was at the hospital. Every spare moment was spent in the hospital visiting the clinic. Here she gained knowledge that would have been impossible to receive in any other way. As a means of further reducing her expenses she decided to go to the country where she could live more economically and gain employment.

Finally on August 29th, after her management of an obstetrical case was over, she started on her way with a bundle of model dress patterns which she had brought with her from Utah, under one arm, and her baby on the other. She expected to sell and give instructions in the use of the patterns. She finally found a place to stay paying for her lodging, board, and care of the baby by instructing the daughter of the landlady in the use of her patterns.

When it was time to return to Philadelphia and her last year of college, her babe was well and her own physical powers restored. By now she was fascinated by her studies. Instead of their being a confused mass of unrelated facts, they were a system of wonders, and each day brought greater satisfaction in the mastery of techniques and understanding of the whys and wherefores of disease and its control. Her intellectual talents and desires had found their fulfillment; but this had been accomplished at the expense of her physical well being. A physical check-up confirmed her fears. Her heart was in bad condition, and she was warned that she must not tax it with overwork and poor diet.

Her last year at College was not one of unalloyed joy. The financial situation at home was critical. The children were sick and the family anxious for her return. In defiance of poor health, and all the pull toward home, she stayed until the end of the term, and, in June of 1878, she received her degree of Doctor of Medicine. It was triumph indeed. All the physical privations and the separation from her dear ones was soon to end.

Soon after her return to Salt Lake she established herself and children in a home by themselves. Here she could give her children more companionship and open her office as Dr. E. R. Shipp. She did not have long to wait until she had more than enough practice to keep her busy. The older doctors often called her in consultation and respected and appreciated her opinions. She was called not only to obstetrical, gynecological cases, and childhood diseases, but she soon gained acclaim as a setter of broken bones. Her skill in that line, so she said, came from watching her Grandfather Hawley, who had attended medical school for awhile before entering the lumbering business in Iowa. When they had first settled in Pleasant



Grove "Brother Hawley" was often called to help in emergencies. With steady and dextrous manipulation the injured limbs were set and healed straight and strong. Ellis often said, "I learned more from grandfather about setting bones than I did in college."

Never did she hesitate to answer a call. Sometimes her children would protest that she was physically unable to go. In fact, for a number of years, she was unable to go up and down stairs, and as her home and office were on the second floor of the building her two sons carried her up the stairs and she sat on an ironing board and coasted down. Three days before her tenth child was born she attended a difficult confinement and saved both mother and child. Sunshine or storm, daylight or darkness, were all the same if someone needed her professional help. She never asked her patients for monetary recompense. She reasoned, they knew her fee and if and when they were able to pay, they would. Her services included prenatal care of the mother, delivery of the child, and ten visits after the birth when she would bathe mother and babe, make the bed, sometimes cook a bowl of gruel if the mother's appetite failed; in fact, anything she could do for the comfort and well being of her patient. The price? "Twenty-five dollars when it was convenient."

Women came from far and near to attend her School of Obstetrics and Nursing. No set standard of scholastic attainments was required of the students—just a sincere desire to serve and to persevere in the acquisition of knowledge. As she dictated the notes for the following day's lesson she would wait between sentences until those who wrote slowly could catch up before she went on. She would spell the difficult words and explain the new facts over and over until everything was comprehensible to those who had not studied anything for years; or those who had practically no formal education. Some of the women would bring their babies to classes, then this mother-teacher physician would take the child in her arms while its mother wrote her notes.

Besides teaching in her own home, she traveled from Canada to Mexico imparting her knowledge to others in isolated communities. Many harrowing experiences filled her life during those years, for she was the only one skilled in handling emergency cases who was within reach. Once there was a young man whose hand was terribly mutilated in an explosion. She cleansed and bandaged the hand, then stood for hours tenderly and patiently removing the burned powder from his face. Hardly a scar remained and he could use the fingers that remained on his hand.

The Latter-day Saint colonies in Mexico were scattered and one especially, Colonia Garcia, was miles up a treacherous dugway through the mountains. One day a man drove up to her home in Juarez: "You are needed in Garcia, for a woman has been in labor twenty-four hours and the baby cannot come. Please come and save their

lives. We have a fresh relay team in the canyon to replace the tired ones," Without a moment's hesitation she gathered what extra supplies she might need in the destitute home to which she was going, climbed up on the spring seat of the lumber wagon and said, "I am ready." After a precarious journey she arrived in time to save the mother's life but the baby died before she got there.

Her life was a continuous giving of self to those who needed her help. From the plains of Alberta, Canada, to the mountains of Mexico, there were hundreds who called her name blessed. Wherever she went to teach she established a home for herself and the daughters she usually took with her. Her life was not all given to those outside her own family circle. Her children were always her first concern, and whenever they needed her she came, whether to usher in a new life or prepare a dear one for his final rest. She found time to be on the General Board of the Relief Society. She was a delegate to the National Council of Women in Washington, D.C., a member of the Deseret Hospital Staff where she served with efficiency, president of the Utah Women's Press Club, and a noteworthy poet. She published a volume of poetry in 1910 which she called "Life Lines."

Sixty years of such service left her physically, a frail little lady. But never would she admit that she was "old." Her eyes were bright, her hand strong and gentle, her spirit undaunted. She was honored by her Alma Mater who awarded her a gold medal for being the oldest living graduate. She was elected to the Utah Hall of Fame at the age of ninety-four—a fitting recognition of the life of service to her God and to all who came within the radius of her influence.

Just a few months were left until she answered the final call. A cancer developed in her neck. Never once did she ask why she, who had eased the suffering of hundreds, should be allowed to endure such pain. With complete self-mastery and absolute assurance that "God doeth all things well," she waited for the last summons. It came just as the sun was sinking behind the mountains on January 31, 1939.

#### DR. MARGARET CURTIS SHIPP ROBERTS

Margaret Curtis Shipp Roberts was graduated from the Medical School of Pennsylvania in 1882, and for thirty-five years was a well known physician in Utah. She was the daughter of Theodore Curtis, a Utah pioneer, and was seventy-five years of age when she passed away. Her entire life was one of service to others. When a very young woman she became the plural wife of Dr. M. B. Shipp, and throughout the autobiography of Dr. Ellis Shipp, she speaks of her great love for "Maggie," as she refers to her. At different times when Dr. Ellis was away at school she received letters from Maggie with a twenty dollar bill enclosed, and on one occasion an order